

Nightmares by [katiekbuggie](#)

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Summary:

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Nightmares

Richie Tozier felt numb. His best friend was gone, taken from him by a suicide that seemed so displaced in his nearly perfect life, and now, the love of his life had joined him.

Richie Tozier now sat alone in the hotel bed he had shared with his husband just the night before, fidgeting mindlessly with the wedding ring he hadn't dared to take off since his wedding nearly five years ago, letting his thumb brush over the 'R+E' carving that he had carefully carved into both matching silver bands.

"How you doin, hun?" Asked Beverly Marsh as she stepped through the door, a sad smile on his tear stained face, her strawberry blonde hair still damp from their time at the quarry.

"M doin'." Richie mumbled, not looking up from the spot he stared at on the bed, too scared to see Bev's sad gaze. "Rich," She mumbled, moving further into the room to sit next to the seemingly paralyzed man on the bed. She wrapped an arm around his shoulders, causing a stuttered sob to leave his already aching lungs.

"I can't fucking do this Bev, I can't- I can't live without him, hell, I could barely go a day without seeing his face," Beverly looked at him with pained eyes, sighing as the man under her arm broke into violent sobs, muttering nonsense about the man he loved.

"It'll be okay, Richie, I promise. Listen, if you want to, you can always go with me and Ben to the beach house if you don't wanna be alone, we're flying out tomorrow but I can always stay behind, maybe go back to your place with you?"

'Damn that woman, that perfect, horrible thoughtful woman.' Richie thought, but shook his head, leaning against Beverly as if she was his only support in the world. "I-I couldn't do that. I have to plan a funeral, I-I've gotta take care of o-ours dogs, oh my fucking god, what are they gonna do? They're gonna be worse off than me, and I gotta take off work, I've got so much fucking shit, Bev, I can't handle this, I just can't." As soon as his rant had finished he broke down again, double over as he clutched his chest, sobbing his husbands name repeatedly as Beverly just rubbed his back, providing the only comfort possible.

Once Richie closed his eyes, the scene replayed in his mind.

All he could see was his husband on top of him, a claw protruding from his chest as unnatural amounts of blood spewed from his mouth, the thought alone was enough to send Richie into a panic attack.

It ended with Richie over his husband, begging him to stay alive as the man on his way to death mumbled 'I love you's over and over, promising that Richie would be okay without him.

Once there was no denying he was dead, he slumped next to his husband's lifeless body, covered in his blood and prepared to die with him. He would've, he wanted to, if it hadn't been for the other Losers pulling him out of the infamous neibolt house. If he was honest, he was still pissed at them for making him leave. That was something he could never forgive. He was meant to die with him. Without his husband, Richie had no life, everything was pointless.

While reliving the horrid moment for the seventh time over, his body had thrown him into a panic attack. He was dry heaving, choking on sobs and tears as he heard voices in the room around him pleading for him to just breath, to work with them to calm down. Clearly, Bev had called the other Losers to attempt to calm him down, but Richie couldn't concentrate enough on a single voice for them to provide him any relief.

Moments later, he shot up in bed, a scream leaving his throat as soon as he opened his eyes, his hands gripping the bed sheets as sweat stained his pajamas.

"Rich?" He heard a small, tired voice call out from the bed beside him, eliciting a groan as the figure sat up to place their small hand on his back.

"Eds?" He asked as he turned around, bursting into rough sobs as he turned to collapse into his husbands arms. "Are you okay?" Eddie asked, wrapping his arms tightly around the larger male, knowing exactly what to do. Richie had had plenty of nightmares before, so Eddie had created his own routine of dealing with them.

Richie quickly shook his head, leaving the room silent besides his horrid sobs and eventually, the sound of their two dogs padding their way across the wooden floor to jump up on their bed. "Tell me what happened, Honey." Eddie pleaded in the soft tone he knew his husband was powerless to, having no choice but to do exactly what he had asked.

"I-I had a dream, you were dead. I saw you die. We went back to Derry a-and It killed you, I saw It stab you right through the chest. And Stan. H-he killed himself. Both of you were dead and I was

sitting on a bed with Bev, planning how to live without you. I was having a panic attack and everyone was trying to calm me down but they couldn't, I couldn't live without you, fuck, it felt like you were really gone."

Eddie gave Richie the same pained look Bev had, pulling his husband into a hopefully reassuring kiss. "It's okay, Rich, I'm okay, Stans probably okay, you're okay, we can call Stan in the morning, okay? It's like, 2 a.m. and you know he'd hate to be woken up."

Richie nodded as he let out silent sobs, dry heaves of his chest continuing as their Pomeranian, Holly, pried her way into Richie's lap, their other dog, a Bernese Mountain Dog named Conan curled up next to Eddie.

"Let's try to get some sleep now, okay babe? Or just, lay down, talk some more if you want." Richie nodded to that, letting his husband pull him back to lay down.

"I love you, Eddie, you know that, right?" He asked nervously, as if it was his first time letting his husband know, but Eddie just hummed softly, a tune he always heard after he had nightmares, but could never make out.

"I love you too, Rich," Eddie finally replied after a moment of silence, holding Richie's head to his chest so he could feel his heartbeat, playing with his hair as he often did when his husband had nightmares.

Richie didn't bother sleeping for the rest of that night, he laid next to his husband, clutching onto him tightly as he listened to his steady breathing, softly petting both dogs to keep himself awake.